

RURAL REPOSITORY,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Devoted to Polite Literature;

Such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

VOLUME XVI.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1840.

NUMBER 19.

SELECT TALES.

From the Philadelphia Casket.

CRUIZING IN THE LAST WAR.

"Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider! Welcome to their roar!"

CHILDE HAROLD.

THE ALGERINES.

"I tell thee thou'rt defied!"—MARMION.

"TASTE the claret, Mr. Danforth," said Captain Drew, pushing the bottle toward me, as we sat together after dinner in his cabin, about a fortnight after our miraculous escape, "and now since we have discussed our late perils, let me tell an old story of mine, which, I believe you have never heard. Fill your glass—and don't forget the sherry."

I had long known my superior to be a brave and chivalrous officer, but it was only since the assumption of my new authority that I had become acquainted with the thousand gentler, but less apparent qualities of his character. He was a noble being. Firm in danger; fearless of consequences; the very soul of honor; kind, generous, and warm-hearted, he was alike fitted to rule his inferiors, and win the affections of his equals. He never, however, forgot a proper reserve toward his subordinates, for he well knew that discipline could not be kept up without it. It was only since the departure of Mr. Jones that he had waved it in my favor, and then only to its full extent in our moments of privacy. I looked upon him as an elder brother, and he treated me with equal frankness. Thank God he is yet living to read, perchance, this tribute to his kindness.

He was, as I have said, a Southerner, and gifted with all their high spirit and lofty tone of honor. Possessed of an ample fortune, as well by birthright as by marriage, he was free to follow his profession or not, without dread of penury from inaction. But he loved glory more than ease, and at the breaking out of the war, with a noble disregard of self, had left a fascinating and devoted wife to engage in the service of his country.—He was the true model of a naval officer. With a fine education an accurate knowledge of his profession into every detail; a thorough acquaintance with the world acquired by mingling with men of every nation; and an ease of manner resulting from his intercourse with the most refined society; he had yet a warmth of feeling, which, though in times of high excitement, it sometimes broke into passion, and formed, in truth, the secret of his daring, energy, and unconquerable bravery. It was this which had carried him through so many perils, and which obtained him a reputation for courage approaching to rashness. No man in the navy

could tell of so many extraordinary achievements. I had heard of most of these already, and some of them, as my readers know, had happened during our cruise. But there was an adventure of his early life which had never yet been told to me, and which I had casually heard, surpassed any of them in interest. I had no doubt, therefore, it was this to which he now alluded, and I was consequently on the "qui vive" for every syllable he uttered.

"When the troubles arose," he began, as he filled his glass, "between the French republic and the United States, I was but a bullying youngster in a public school; but no sooner did the prospect of a bloody war lead to an increase of our navy, than I was rated, nothing loth, a midshipman under Commodore Preble; and entering at once into the spirit of my profession, I soon acquired an enthusiasm for it which neither time, fortune, danger, nor the tenderest ties have since been able to subdue. But though a thorough sailor on board, I entered like all the rest with the eagerness of youth into the pleasures of the shore.—In fact I was in some danger of becoming a worthless debauchee, or worse than all a confirmed intemperate, when an event occurred which opened my eyes, saving me from present disgrace, and perhaps from ultimate ruin.

"The difficulties with France had scarcely been adjusted, when the outrages inflicted on our commerce by the Barbary powers, induced our government to send a squadron up the Mediterranean, in order to prevent such injuries by negotiation, or if necessary by force of arms. We had gone into one of the neutral ports to provision, and as it was a gay capital, our days were spent in a continued round of dissipation. One evening, however, I had been persuaded to attend a ball at the Ambassador's, and the first object that met my sight on entering the room, was a being so dazlingly beautiful as instantly to chain my attention. I was lost in admiration, and hearing that she was an American, sought and obtained an introduction. I had seen many beauties before, and had always escaped fascination; but then there was a charm about Beatrice Vernon I found it in vain to resist. From the first moment we met, her witchery began to take hold on me, and every hour I spent with her only increased the spell. Beautiful as a cloudless night; with a voice like the music of a summer wind; a mind, whose every thought was pure as heaven; and a smile, sweeter than the first blush of sunlight after a storm, she soon obtained a power over me which was inexplicable to myself and such as no one had ever possessed before. She was not like the rest of her sex; her mind seemed of a purer, and sweeter nature; and yet she had a brilliancy in her conversational

moments which enchanted all. But it was not these I admired.—It was not her classic brow, and soft, melting blue eye: it was neither her faultless shape, nor her rich auburn tresses slumbering in gold. It was the gentle sweetness of her manners—the sure index of a pure, and innocent young heart. I never entered her presence without an awe falling upon me, checking my usual audacity, and almost chaining me in silence. The words I would have uttered died upon my tongue; my breath came quick and gaspingly; and I trembled before the being I adored. I could no longer conceal it from myself: I loved Beatrice; loved her with the ardor of a warm and generous heart; and loved her too in all the holiness of a first passion. I believe that that early affection, re-awakening as it did my purer, better nature, was the instrument of my salvation. I resolved, from that moment, to be no longer as I had been.

"From the day I saw Beatrice, therefore, I was an altered being. In her presence I seemed to breathe a holier atmosphere—and when away that innocent smile attended me like a guardian angel. We met daily, and at first freely. But after awhile an embarrassment came over Beatrice which puzzled and confounded me. I saw my danger, I feared that my sentiments might not be reciprocated, yet, like the poor wretch in the magic circle, I could not break away from her presence. Meanwhile the winter passed. Our acquaintance was ripening into intimacy, and I was blinding my eyes daily more and more, when Vernon announced his determination to return to America in a ship then in port. It fell upon me like a thunderbolt. I was startled from my dream. Beatrice was soon to depart, and I might, perhaps, see her no more, or only as the bride of another. The thought was madness; yet I trembled to speak out. I was in an agony of doubt. Beatrice too, seemed lately rather to shun my presence; her eye was ever longest in detecting, and her voice the last in welcoming me. There were other things in her conduct that puzzled me: but it was all because I could not understand her exquisite delicacy. The fear that a premature declaration might ruin all, withheld me; while I dreaded that absence should be even more injurious to my hopes. In these circumstances, tortured by doubts, uncertain how to act, with a mind little short of phrenzied, I determined to leave every thing to chance waited with beating heart some favorite opportunity, and at last saw Beatrice depart without daring to breathe my love. As she waved her handkerchief for an adieu, I seemed to awake as from a dream. Had I been able to speak to her at that moment, I would have ventured all in one burning avowal of my love. But she was gone. We might never meet again. Overcome

by my feelings, I leaned my head upon my hand, and wept like a very child. What boys does not love make of us!

"In a few days afterward we put to sea to resume our station. But I was a changed being. I strove to be gay:—I found it impossible. My companions rallied me, but none knew my secret. The old commodore, however, who was a father to us all, had been a close friend of Mr. Vernon, had met me daily at his house, and suspected, I once or twice thought, my feelings. If so he maintained an inviolable secrecy.

"We had been out but a few days when, one morning, amid the dim haze on the eastern horizon which the rising sun had not yet dissipated, the delicate tracery of a ship was seen with its thousand cob-web ropes, faintly marked upon the fast reddening back ground. She seemed to be either an American or English vessel, of an exquisite rig, and running free before the wind. As we drew nearer she presented a beautiful spectacle. The delicacy of her hamper; the fine undulating lines of her hull; the gracefulness with which occasionally she bowed toward us; and above all the deep, glowing tints of the morning sky, as the sun rolled majestically upward from the horizon, bursting from the clouds that environed him, and shooting his golden light flickering along the billows, formed a scene such as I had rarely witnessed. For an instant I gazed on in silent delight; but at this moment we came suddenly by the wind, and I noticed with surprise that the stranger was not unaccompanied, but that a long, felucca-looking vessel, was sticking close under her quarter, in such a position as to have been hitherto effectually concealed from us. The low, rakish appearance of her companion, and the instant change in the course of the stranger which followed our own, awoke my suspicions at once. I turned to the first lieutenant at the very moment the look-out hailed,

"A sail on the quarter of the stranger."

"Was she going free or in company?" shouted the officer; for by this time, the manœuvre of the stranger had again hidden the felucca on her opposite quarter.

"She seemed like a tender, sir—"

"Did you see her, Mr. Drew?" he said, perceiving my anxiety to speak.

"Yes, sir—and I think her an Algerine."

"Indeed!—and you're right," said he, adopting my suspicion, and then lifting his voice he shouted energetically, "boatswain pipe all hands to crowd sail after the stranger."

"In a few minutes the silence of our deck was broken by the rapid tread of the crew—the sails were loosened, the tacks boarded, and before five minutes every rag of canvass was bellying in the wind, and we were approaching the suspicious stranger with the velocity that made us hope we should soon overtake her. In this, however, we were disappointed. No sooner did she perceive our intentions, than throwing off all disguise, she went away dead before us, crowding on every rag of canvass to the trucks; while the felucca on her weather quarter, hauling up between us and her consort, daringly fired a gun as we set our ensign, and ran up in defiance the Barbary flag. The insult aroused every man on

board, until nothing was heard but wishes to overtake the pirates. The consciousness, moreover, that the stranger was her prize; that in all likelihood she was an American; and that her whole crew would be condemned to the worst of slaveries, inflamed us with the most enthusiastic desire to avenge their wrongs, and chastise the arrogant Algerine. The men gathered forward in groups, scrutinizing the foe, or conversing with eager gestures; while many a compressed lip, and muttered execration, told of the indignation burning in their bosoms.

"Our noble ship appeared to partake of their honest warmth, dashing along as gallantly as a courser to the death, and scattering the spray in showers over her fore-castle. In less than half an hour we had gained so much upon the felucca, that a shot from our bow gun brought her huge lateen sail to the deck; and availing ourselves of our good fortune, we came up hand over hand, pouring in a broadside amid deafening huzzas, and rounding across her bows, swept her decks with a storm of grape, that left scarcely a man alive at his station. Still, however, she kept her ensign doggedly flying. It was only when we had riddled her sides with another discharge, and she was obviously sinking, that her commander consented to haul down his flag. How was I astonished when I mounted her deck as boarding officer, to see in advance of the pirates, hastily released, to officiate as interpreter, the gentlemanly captain of the ship in which Beatrice had sailed. The truth flashed like lightning upon me. Good God! and was she in the hands of lawless pirates. I shuddered at the thought: a sickness came over me; I reeled, would have fallen, and staggered against the mast; but momentarily recovering myself, I rapidly interrogated the captain, learned to my horror that Beatrice and her family were in the other vessel, and turning my eyes in that direction found, that in our eagerness to overhaul the felucca, we had totally neglected the captured ship, so that taking advantage of our carelessness, she had edged up to windward, and was already at an almost hopeless distance.—Years have passed since then; but the emotions of that moment are still fresh in my memory. A despair, bordering on madness, took possession of me, giving a vigor and energy to my faculties, they had never felt before. I saw all depended upon haste, and aware that the felucca was already sinking, instantly hurried our prisoners out of her, sprang into my boat, pulled wildly back to the frigate, rushed up to the commodore, and without pausing to breathe, informed him of what I had heard, concluding, by invoking him for the love of God, to rescue our countrymen. But the gray haired veteran needed no incentive. Snatching the trumpet in his hand, he thundered out, before my appeal had been half finished,

"All hands make sail—shake out every thing aloft and aloft—heartily, heartily—quarter master, up with her a point or two."

"Ay, ay, sir," growled the old sea-dog, as the gallant frigate danced to windward.

"By the God that is above us, I would give much that this had not happened," said the veteran feelingly, "poor Mr. and Mrs. Vernon,—and then sweet little Beatrice—but how go we?" he

continued as we dashed up toward the stranger with the renewed velocity, "heave the log."

"The answer was expected breathlessly; for all could see that the chase was making desperate exertions to escape.

"Ten knots an hour," answered the master, as he hauled in the line.

"This will never do!"

"The chase makes as much, sir," said the lieutenant in reply.

"Loose out the mainsail—man the sheets," thundered the eager commodore.

"Ay, ay, sir!" was the no less eager answer.

"Haul aft!" shouted the veteran; and the enormous sail, spreading with a jerk to the wind, urged us forward instantly with redoubled speed. He paused but an instant, and then again demanded,

"What does she make?"

"Twelve knots, sir!"

"A point more, quarter master!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"We are nearing her now, I think?"

"Rapidly, sir."

"Then keep her to it—and now, gentlemen, make up your minds for warm work. Away up here, where that haze hangs on the horizon, is the coast of Africa; and I know enough of these rascals to predict, that unless we overtake them before they reach it, they will fly to their boats, carry off their booty and prisoners, blow up their prize, and plunge our fellow countrymen into a lingering slavery." And as he spoke, turning momentarily away, he took his solitary station on the weather quarter.

"The prediction of the aged commodore doubly inflamed our impatience. Not a man on board but, in the progress of the chase, became wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement; and before the pursuit had been continued an hour, officers, landsmen, and weather-stained veterans vied with each other in the intensity of their feelings. It was still uncertain whether we should overtake the chase before she reached the coast; for though our velocity was almost incredible, it but little exceeded that of our opponent. She was beside already dangerously near to the land, and before we could hope to board her would be ashore.—What were my feelings during these moments of suspense? Words cannot describe, nor imagination picture them. Hope and fear alternated rapidly in my bosom—a thousand dreadful surmises followed each other in terrible succession. Now I trembled lest our approach should inflame the captors into desperation, and she, I loved so deeply, become the victim of their rage—and now I shuddered, as I saw how slowly we gained upon them, and that in all human probability, it would be in vain to hope for a rescue. These conflicting emotions, lacerating my bosom with anguish, presented a hopeless prospect upon either hand. But we were now approaching within range of shot, and at once a brisk, and well-aimed fire was opened upon the chase. My own feelings seemed to have taken possession of the crew; and not a shot but was sent with the precision of a rifle-ball. They burned to release their countrymen from a bondage worse than death. They knew, besides, that all depended upon disabling the

foe; and their efforts consequently displayed a skill that astonished me momentarily more and more. As they grew warmer in their work, the balls told with unerring certainty, splintering a spar, or perforating a sail at every discharge. Still, however, nothing of consequence had been shot away; but after some fifteen minutes firing, a wild huzza rung through the frigate as the main-topmast of the chase went crackling over the side, bearing with it the royal, sky-sail, and a web of hamper, that clinging to the other rigging, dragged a wreck beside her, and brought her at once sharp around with her stern at right-angles to our broadside.

"Pour it in, my lads—we have her now—rake her fore and aft," shouted the commodore, on the instant springing on a gun to reconnoitre the chase. Our brave fellows needed no incentive. From the stern to bow, along the whole deck, the fiery torrent burst forth, making the old hull shiver to her keelson; and when the thick smoke had curled away, we saw the ill-fated chase with nothing standing but a fragment of her foremast, rolling a wreck upon the waters. Yet, her obstinate captors, though their ensign had been shot away, hoisted another on a temporary staff, defying us to the last. We were now, however, confident of success, as it was impossible for them to escape. Our only concern was, lest they should take vengeance on their captives, and in the recklessness of desperate men, immolate themselves sooner than surrender. Such deeds they had been known to do, and we trembled momentarily lest the chase should blow up. No sooner, therefore, had we gained a convenient distant from the foe, than the commodore ordered the frigate to be hove to, and turning to the crowd of officers upon the quarter-deck, exclaimed,

"Now, gentlemen, the time has come for warm work. Much as I wish, if possible, to rescue our fellow countryman, a proper regard to the lives of my crew will not sanction a nearer approach of this frigate. But," he continued, noticing the disappointment on every countenance, "God forbid I should desert a fellow creature in his distress. We must rescue the prisoners. But it must be done with our boats, and by volunteers. They who are willing to peril their lives, shall have God speed, and all the aid an old man can give them. I need not tell you, gentleman, it is a service of life or death—you attack pirates, desperate from defeat, and ferocious as tigers.—They may only wait for you to board them, in order to fire their magazine. Think well of it—and now for volunteers."

"He ceased. There was a death-like pause of an instant; but it was only the deep silence of awe. In a minute every officer had volunteered.

"Just like you, my gallant friends," said the old man, "but I cannot risk too many of you.—Somers," he continued, turning to his second lieutenant, "you may take the first boat, and—"

"For God's sake," said I, unable to restrain myself, "have I not hope—"

"Yes, Mr. Drew, you have the best right—" said the captain mournfully, "take the second boat get your crew, and now God be with you."

"It took but a moment to obtain our volunteers, the boats were manned with inconceivable rapidity, we pushed from the frigate's side amid a roar of cheers, and, while an utter silence was maintained, our gallant crews bent to their oars, and we were urged through the water with the velocity of a falcon. The few moments of deep suspense, ensuing before we reached the chase, were spent in a hasty observation of our relative positions.

"The dismantled ship was lying nearly broadside on the shore, and not more than a mile and a half from the coast. At the distance of a few hundred yards from the land a ledge of rocks ran parallel with the continent, serving as a wall for the breakers to shiver upon, and affording a secure retreat within from their power. The land behind was unusually bold, rising into high, undulating, craggy bluffs. It seemed however, totally deserted; without either houses, or other signs of inhabitants; and presenting all the wild and savage grandeur of an African coast. The whole scene around was animating in a high degree. Behind, to the left, the frigate was falling off again before the wind, her tall masts, fine tracery, and exquisitely moulded hull showing gallantly against the morning sun. A few rods ahead the other boat was speeding swiftly along, rising on the seas with a graceful, gentle heave, while still further in the van, the shapeless wreck, rolled heavily about, her ensign streaming from the stern, but without a single being visible on board, or any sign that her late conquerors remained to await our attack. This utter desertion boded no good to us, and would at any other time have cooled our ardor. But when I reflected upon the danger to which Beatrice was exposed, when I remembered that even now she might be calling vainly for help from the insults of some brutal barbarian, I felt as if I could have dared even hell itself in her rescue, and cheering my men frantically on, I clutched my sword, and prayed fervently that I might not be too late.—Suddenly, however, I heard a piercing shriek—it was a voice that even in its agony I knew—and starting wildly up in the stern-sheets, I beheld a sight, which for a moment crushed all hope in my bosom.

"We were yet some distance from the dismantled ship, when its conquerors foresaw that if we reached them, our overpowering numbers would put an end to all successful resistance.—

"Their only hope, therefore, was in flight—they could yet ensure a fair start—the shore was little more than a mile and a half distant—desperation would add sinews to their arms—and at least they would possess nearly as many advantages for a combat, as if they should remain on board. By this means too, they could secure the richest of the booty. But though unwilling to incommode themselves with prisoners, the extreme loveliness of Beatrice, made her a prize too valuable to be lost—and her wild, heart-broken shrieks, as they tore her from her parents, were the sounds which had arrested my attention. I saw it all at a glance. My blood boiled like lava as I gazed, and I felt as if I could have dared heaven and earth in her behalf. Thundering to my brave fellows to pull like madmen, I shout-

ed to my consort what I beheld, and scarcely waiting for his expected order, dashed around the stern of the deserted wreck, at the same instant that the second lieutenant shot swiftly across her bow.

"Oh! my child—my child—for the love of heaven save my child," shrieked the agonized mother as we whirled past the quarter.

"Quicker—quicker," I shouted, rising and cheering on my men, "a purse of gold if you overtake the fugitives—give way—give way."

"And they did give way. I have seen men pulling for their lives from the battery, when the iron tempest fell around them like hail, but I never saw men, before or since, in danger, battle, or death, pull as did that noble crew. Their oars seemed as though they would snap in their hands, and the old barge trembled like palsied age at every jerk they gave her. Eager as they were to behold their foe, they never looked around, but steadily gazing astern, bent to their task, and drove on like a hurricane. We were already, despite the exertions of the fugitives, rapidly approaching them, and their only hope was in reaching a narrow inlet almost dead ahead, that opening between the rocks which guarded the coast, afforded them a chance of a defensive position. To trust to my companions would be useless for we had left them some rods behind on the other quarter of the boat; and their utmost exertions would not be able to bring them up in time for the struggle. As it was a much larger boat, my force was greatly inferior to that of our enemy—but there was a fire in the eyes, and a determination on the brows of my gallant fellows, which did not suffer me to hesitate a moment. I felt I was myself a match in my present state of wild excitement, for any three of the barbarians. Not a moment was to be lost. Dreading lest we should open a fire of musketry upon them the fellow in the stern-sheets of the fugitives had placed the insensible form of Beatrice in such a way as almost completely to shield himself and his crew. They were within a few strokes of the inlet—if they gained it they could make it good against ten times our number—a desperate effort was to be made or all would be in vain. Seizing a loaded musket, I pointed it toward the Turk at the bow oar, but my purpose was anticipated by the wretch behind, and I saw I could not fire without being the murderer of Beatrice. I took it from my shoulder with a half muttered execration. A desperation came over me: her death seemed inevitable on either hand: I resolved to venture all upon the cast. Again I lifted my musket; again I dropped it in despair. A taunting shout broke from the villain, for the bow was already within a few fathoms of the inlet, shooting like an arrow directly toward its mouth. I paused no longer, but raising my piece, aimed directly at the wretch himself. Self-preservation threw him an instant off his guard, and gave me the opportunity for which I had so ardently wished. The head of the foremost Turk was for an instant exposed. In that moment I was as cool, ay! cooler than I am now. My hand was like iron, as rapidly changing the direction of my piece I glanced along its glittering tube. I pulled the trigger, a flash leaped from the muzzle, and the bow-oarsman springing from his seat, fell dead across the

thwart. In the same instant the boat, losing his aid, fell off a little, missed the inlet, jammed in the rocks, and I remember a wild huzza, a momentary flashing of fire-arms, a crossing of blades in deadly strife, a fierce, wild struggle above the body of Beatrice, and a thrill of almost delirious joy, as the last fugitive leaped into the water, and I clasped the cold, inanimate, but yet breathing girl to my bosom. God knows! how grateful I was that we had come in time. A lifetime shall never efface that moment from my memory.

"The ardor of our men, however, had carried them along the rocks in pursuit of the enemy, and for a moment I found myself alone with Beatrice. She opened her eyes, and perceiving who it was that had preserved her, timidly gazed into my face with a look that might have saved a lost spirit, it was so tender, so grateful, and yet so delicately chaste. A gleam of hope shot through my mind. I could refrain no longer. The pent-up emotions of my heart broke from all control, and the torrent of wild, incoherent words rushed forth. She made me no answer, but her fair head rested heavily on my bosom. I pressed her hand: she did not withdraw it. It was scarcely a moment, and yet how delicious! Years were compressed into that instant; it contained the bliss of an existence. As she lay upon my breast, I impressed my first kiss upon her brow. Her cheek was crimsoned like fire, but she only lifted her eyes chidingly to mine. She uttered no vow; she did not speak but that silence, deep, holy, thrilling, was more eloquent than words. I felt from that moment that Beatrice was mine.

"All this however, had past like lightning, and long before the other boat came up, Beatrice had resumed her usual calm almost distant demeanor. But I felt no doubt. Her heart was mine. That heart was mine. That thought alone made me almost think the barren rocks a heaven.

"But why protract it? We returned to the wreck, took off the family of Beatrice, and regained the frigate. The ship was inspected, found to be little hulled, jury masts were rigged out, and she was carried into port with us to refit. As for the Algerines, they were treated as we treated all the rest.

"The night after we landed I enjoyed an interview alone with Beatrice; and won again from the blushing girl, a confession of her love. It was a rich moment. She acknowledged—her low voice trembling as she did—that she had loved me all along—but that my conduct had deceived her into the belief it was unrequited.—She resolved at once to conquer it, and avoided my presence as much as possible. Still, at times, she fancied she might be mistaken; and for a few days before they sailed, my conduct seemed to prove it. But then my silence—and cold, formal parting. She had vainly endeavored to overcome her passion, when they were captured by the Algerines, she was torn shrieking from her parents, and awoke from her insensibility to find that I had rescued her. The joyous surprise of that moment threw off all disguise, and my ardent declaration removed all necessity for it.—But you know the rest. We parted as betroth-

ed. She returned to America, whither I followed her at the end of our cruise, and enjoyed the happiest of days in calling her my bride. But I forget how I am talking; you would not have thought I was such an ardent lover, would you?"

I made no reply, but filling my glass, I drank it off in silence. He understood me, and with a smile imitated my example. Nor was it without cause. The matronly Beatrice still maintained in maturer life, all her surpassing beauty. When I first saw her after the peace at the levee in Washington, she was the star of the night.

THE CONTRAST.

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

It was a cold, stormy evening in December: the wind sighed mournfully and the hail-stones rattled upon the pavements. The streets of the great city of London, the Babel of sights and sounds, were slippery and cheerless but not deserted; for by the light of innumerable lamps you might behold the merchant hurrying to his home after a day of toil, the clerk seeking some haunt of pleasure, the houseless mendicant and the deserted child wandering slowly by; and the gambler, the thief, the drunkard, each bent on his own errand and pursuing his chosen course. Some, drew their cloaks closer around and shivered as the piercing blast came by; some forgot the present gloom in anticipating the comfort and joy of home; and to others the storm without seemed not so wild as that within their bosoms.

In a splendid apartment of a proud mansion in Regent Street sat its noble owner and his lady wife. It was a large and lofty room; the walls exquisitely painted in the Italian style, representing many classic scenes, such as Venus rising from the sea, Andromeda bound to a rock, the marriage of Theseus and Ariadne, and Phaeton rashly striving to guide the flying coursers of the sun. These were surmounted by an arched roof of light fret-work, and a cut-glass chandelier suspended from the centre made the whole brilliant with light. The curtains and couches were of rose-colored silk; the carpet of Turkey's finest looms and richest dyes; silver candelabra, marble statues, and alabaster urns of curious workmanship were dispersed around; and in an alcove was a collection of rare exotics which, though no fire was visible, bloomed bright in the summer heat. But a flower dearer and sweeter than them all now entered, the Lady Eva, the lovely daughter of that noble house. Though one of the fairest and most favored of England's maidens, pride and vanity had never made her heart their home. She was simply arrayed and without ornament, save a small chain of gold attached to some treasure which was concealed beneath the bosom of her dress, and a string of pearls that confined her long flaxen tresses. She gracefully curtsied as she entered, and passing her father with a smile of affection seated herself upon a velvet ottoman at her mother's feet.

"Sweet mother, must I be kept from the Opera to night by the storm! all the fashionable world will be there unmindful of its violence, and I also would fain defy it to hear the Signorina Garcia for the last time. I am sorrowful to think the unrivaled songstress is so soon to leave

England for the Continent, and shall often sigh to listen again to her entrancing strains. Shall I go to night? say me not nay, dear mother! but here is our cousin August to join in my petition."

"Yes, it was for that I came. My mother feared my aunt and uncle would be unwilling to attend, and knowing your passion for sweet sounds she requests permission to be your chaperone. I am sent to attend your ladyship to her residence, and the carriage waits. Dear uncle, sweet aunt let us not be disappointed. Eva will suffer no inconvenience from the storm. Come Eva, don your robes of state! for your noble father and lady mother by silence give consent; but what reward shall I, a lowly knight, obtain for having successfully interceded in behalf of my liege-lady?"

"Has Lord August of the Isles become a humble suitor for my poor bounty? he shall be rewarded according to his deserts."

She stood near the alcove, and plucking a fresh leaf of geranium offered it to him with a blush and a smile. He kissed the fair hand from which he received it and softly whispered "it is enough."

Eva hurried to her dressing room, and summoning her tirewoman, was soon arrayed for the Opera, in a style befitting her rank.

They had not proceeded far, when in passing through a narrow street the carriage stopped, and they heard the coachman questioning a miserable looking child who stood upon the walk weeping bitterly. Eva let down the glass and the light of a street lamp showed her pitying face to the poor child.

"Oh lady! help us I pray you! My mother is ill and my father is dying. We have no bread to eat and no fire to warm us. They have sent me forth for help, but I knew not where to go: the pavements are slippery and I am very weak."

August and Eva hastily alighted, and taking the boy by the hand, he led them through a dark passage, and up a flight of tottering stairs, to the sole apartment occupied in a miserable ruinous dwelling. A solitary candle only made "darkness visible" when they first entered; but after becoming for a few moments accustomed to the faint light their eyes took in at a glance the whole scene of wretchedness. The floor and walls of the room were of bare, rough boards, and the wind entered through the cracks in all directions. The windows were broken in many places, and had been mended by the inmates to the best of their ability with bits of paper and worn out garments; but the hail beat in through the crevices, and every fresh gust of wind seemed likely to force them from the rattling and frail casements. The room contained one solitary table on which no signs of food were visible, two or three broken stools for seats, and not a spark of fire was seen on the cheerless hearth-stone. On a low bed in one corner, with a scant and ragged covering, lay the wretched father, wasted by disease and famine to a very skeleton; and his difficult respiration and tearing cough told that the sorrow of life would soon be over. One child younger than the boy who had guided them thither, lay calmly sleeping on the foot of the bed, and the pale, watch-worn mother sat by its side with a wailing infant upon her lap, vainly

pleading for the nourishment which starvation had dried up in her breast.

"Oh August!" said Eva, the large drops gathering in her eyes as she looked around, "I did not dream there was such misery in the wide world. What am I, that so much wealth should be lavished in adorning my person while these poor creatures who are perhaps more worthy, suffer for a morsel of bread? I cannot go till I see them relieved. Bid the coachman hasten home to bring food and blankets and medicines, and send a messenger for our own physician. I will tarry here till he returns."

She sat down on a low stool, and taking the boy, whose tears were hardly dry, upon her knee, she drew her velvet mantle around him and bending her head to whisper comfort, the tip of her snowy plume rested on his shoulder, and her veil of Meehlin lace fell over, and shaded his sad young brow. The mother, who had not wept for herself, was melted to tears by the tenderness shown her child. She drew near them saying, "Look up lady! let me behold your face, for surely it must be the face of an angel. The distress you see here is not the punishment of vice or intemperance; it is the hand of God, and we must not rebel, for whom he loveth he chasteneth. We have seen brighter days. Our lot was humble, but we knew not want, and the smiles of affection and content were ours; but misfortune and disease have thus reduced us. A lingering consumption has long prevented my beloved husband from providing for the wants of his family: I have sought to earn a pittance, but with so many around me claiming my care, I toil to but little purpose. We have parted with every thing but the bed on which the sufferer rests, and nothing now remains to buy us bread. I cannot leave my husband, to seek relief, for fear he should die during my absence. I have trusted in God through all, till to day, when despair came nigh my heart: but I said, let us pray to our Father in faith; and he will give his angels charge concerning us, and surely, surely, thou art no other than an angel sent from heaven in mortal guise."

A liveried servant now entered with fuel, and kindled a cheerful fire on the hearth, which soon diffused light and warmth around; and the coachman brought in blankets and provisions. The lady Eva spread the warm covering over the poor invalid with her own hands. She brought him a cordial with the finest wheaten bread, which seemed to revive him, and she thought he might recover; but when the physician came he shook his head in reply to her anxious inquiries, and Eva knew there was no hope. When every thing was provided for their comfort, she left them with a promise to return on the morrow, and the assurances that all their wants should be supplied.

It was late when they reached home, and August thought he had never seen his cousin look so happy and so beautiful, as when she bade him a kind "good night." She had forgotten the Opera with its attractions, the Garcia with her enchanting music; and her heart was glad and grateful, that instead of mingling with the fashionable world, she had that night been guided by Heaven to relieve the destitute.—*Universalist.*

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

NATURE'S INFLUENCE.

"Are not the mountains, waves, and skies a part
Of me, and of my soul, as I of them?
Is not the love of them deep in my heart
With a pure passion?"—CHILDE HAROLD.

HOWEVER preposterous may seem the idea to those who have not weighed its importance, and become possessed of that knowledge which leads them to speak definitely of any subject; however puerile may seem the feeling to those who are merely superficial observers; Nature possesses influences over the human mind, to me, transcending all other earthly powers. It is true, men will sneer at the assertion, and ascribe more influence to the imbibing of some potation, that has the effect to soothe for a moment the stronger passions, but leaves the faculties dormant, or a gracious smile from a pretty face, making the heart to leap into the throat, to the great danger of the suffocation of the individual, causing him to forget for a moment more harassing subjects. But these are cold and frivolous persons, and those who are led by their own headstrong impulses to pass from one thing to another for the gratification of the time, and stop not to investigate that which may have a tendency to lead them away from the groveling passions reigning predominant in their hearts.

I love to study Nature in all moods, "calm or convulsed"—whether it be the broad ocean, with its blue, upheaving waves, tossed by the winds, or calm and unruffled as a mirror's surface; the rushing river, or the gentle waterfall, with its trickling gush of melody, the brawny forest oaks with their embroidery of green leaves; the simple flower, opening its many-hued petals to the sun; the clear blue sky, spangled with stars;—everything, in short, relating to Nature, has an influence over me, at once softening and subduing every evil thought and action. Let him whose tide of life has never been ruffled by storm—who, by long contact with the world, its cares, its perplexities, and the sordid motives which actuate man to wrong his fellow-man—let him go forth into some lovely spot, a wood, for instance—where every thing wears the garniture of Spring, and let him listen to the carol of the bird from the branches of the trees—the music of the wind as it sways their green tops to and fro—and the murmur of the streamlet dashing onward—and he will feel the beauty of the scene stealing over his senses like the soothing influence of a dream. It will lead him to forget the world with which he has so long been connected—he will begin to find a pleasure in hieing to the shady spot, and giving himself up to the guidance of those spirits of Earth that are every where busy around him. He will begin to study the causes which led to the creation of so fair a scene; that they were intended, by the hand of Providence, to be the happy instruments to lead man in the path of right, and to work out His own mighty purposes. He will

"Pore upon the leaves, and on the flowers,
And hear a voice in all the winds."

It will lead him to reflect—to throw off his previous petulance of temper, and look with a beaming

countenance upon these mouldings of the Almighty's hand with a sensation of pleasure he had never before known.

There is something in Nature, too, which, while it calls forth our admiration of its beauty, awes us to respect by its grandeur and sublimity.—I mean a thunder-storm. No one can look upon the sable heavens, and see the forked lightning play, and hear the thunder, peal on peal, resounding through the sky, without a sensation akin to silent wonder and awe. Such a storm as Byron describes, on the Alps, would have the effect upon a character who reviled nature and nature's God, of modifying his turpitude to a submissive disposition, or at least strike such a thrill of terror to his breast, as to preclude the idea of his again speaking in terms of reproach or blasphemy of that which is formed by the hand of Omnipotence, and directed by his fiat. What a description is given of the majesty of God as seen in his works!

"Far along,

From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue."

Though such sights as these would naturally make the person thrill with terror, yet, to me, it would be "a pleasing fear," causing me more and more to consider that "the hand that made them is divine."

We all know the difference that takes place in our feelings on the return of Spring. When, Winter, "ruler of the inverted year," leaves us for a northern clime, and his successor steps in to assert her dominion, every countenance, even though it be that of the sufferer upon the bed of sickness—will wear a smile of happiness. We even forget our worldly affairs, and speak of the genial influence of the time with joy, at the same time expressing the hope that such days may cheer us often.

Nature is never capricious or fickle. She lavishes her sweets alike upon all—although every one does not appreciate them. She does not smile on this one, and frown on that, or bestow upon one a thorn, and another a flower; it lies in ourselves, how we consider them—whether we look upon them as gifts from Him, who "delighteth to give good gifts to His children," or as common trivial objects, that can be taken up or thrown down, at our own option.

What sweet and hallowed recollections, too, come into our minds as we roam o'er scenes touched by the wand of Spring? We may think, perhaps, of days past, when we traversed these fair hills and dales with those who have passed before us to the grave;—

"Kind words, remembered voices once so sweet,
Smiles, radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent seat—"

all these start from their depths in Memory's urn, and atone for years of pain and sorrow, as we think them o'er. We look back through the dim vista of years, and trace each happy scene that beguiled the hours. The beauty and serenity of Nature brings these visions back to our imagination. We look around us and exclaim, "Here by the side of this babbling stream, have we sat with those who have passed off the stage of life—plucked the flowers that gemmed its margin—sat at the foot of this tree, 'knotty and moss-

grown,' and gazed upon the clear depths of space—saw the golden clouds float away, like airy messengers to heaven—and here we stand by their graves, with the fresh grass springing up on the gentle mounds;—may the scene impart such purity to our lives that we may be like those who rest here in peace and approach the tomb

'Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.'

Utica, 1840.

J.

MISCELLANY.

THE FATHER, An Instructive Sketch.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

It is the duty of mothers to instruct their daughters to sustain the reverses of fortune. Frequent and sudden as these have been to our own country, it is important that young females should possess some employment, by which they might obtain a livelihood in case they should be reduced to the necessity of supporting themselves. When families are unexpectedly reduced from affluence to poverty, how pitiful and contemptible is it, to see the mother desponding or helpless and permitting her daughters to embarrass those whom it is their duty to assist and cheer.

"I have lost my whole fortune," said a merchant, as he returned one evening to his home.—"We can no longer keep our carriage. We must leave this large house. The children can no longer go to expensive schools. What we shall do for a living, I know not. Yesterday I was a rich man. To-day there is nothing I can call my own."

"Dear husband," said the wife, "we are still rich in each other and our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasury in those active hands and loving hearts."

"Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sober. We will help you get a living."

"What can you do, poor things?" said he.

"You shall see, you shall see," answered several cheerful voices. "It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor? We shall work and make you rich again."

"I shall help," said the youngest girl, hardly four years old. "I will not have any new frock bought, and I shall sell my great wax doll."

The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk within his bosom like a stone, was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the scene cheered him, and his nightly prayer was like a song of praise.

He left his stately house. The servants were dismissed. Pictures and plate, rich carpets and furniture were sold, and she who had so long been the mistress of the mansion shed no tear.—"Pay every debt," said she, "let no one suffer through us, and we may yet be happy."

He rented a neat cottage and a small piece of ground, a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons, he cultivated vegetables for the market. He viewed with delight and astonishment the economy of his wife; nurtured as she had been in wealth, and the efficiency which his daughters soon acquired under her training.

The eldest one assisted her in the work of the

household, and also assisted the younger children. Besides, they executed various works, which they had learned as accomplishments, but which they found could be disposed of to advantage. They embroidered with taste some of the ornamental parts of female apparel, which were readily sold to merchants in the city.

They cultivated flowers, and sent bouquets to market, in the cart that conveyed their vegetables; they platted straw, they painted maps, they executed plain needle work. Every one was at her post, busy and cheerful. The cottage was like a bee-hive.

"I never enjoyed such health before," said the father.

"And I never was as happy before," said the mother.

"We never knew how many things we could do when we lived in the great house," said the children, "and we love each other a great deal better here. You call us your little bees."

"Yes," replied the father, "and you make just such honey as the heart loves to feed on."

Economy, as well as industry, was strictly observed. Nothing was wasted. Nothing unnecessary was purchased. The eldest daughter became assistant teacher in a distinguished female seminary, and the second took her place, as instructress to the family.

The little dwelling, which had always been kept neat, they were soon able to beautify. Its construction was improved, and vines and flowering trees were planted around it. The merchant was happier under his woodbine-covered porch, on a summer's evening, than he had been in his showy drawing-room.

"We are now thriving and prosperous," said he, "shall we return to the city?"

"Oh, no, no," was the unanimous reply.

"Let us remain," said the wife, "where we have found health and contentment."

"Father," said the youngest, "all we children hope you are not going to be rich again; for then," she added, "we little ones were shut up in the nursery, and did not see much of you or mother. Now, we all live together, and sister, who loves us, teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us as happy when we were rich, and did not work. So, father, please not to be a rich man any more."

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

IMPRESSIONS OF WINTER.

He comes armed in his might, and clothed with all his terrors, effecting a revolution in appearances, customs and pleasures. He speaks from the north, and borrows the cold beams of the cynosure, whose rays sting as the crystalized pearls that stud his cynical forehead. He throws a robe of the purest white over the expanse of nature, and then blows upon it with his breath. He stops the meanderings of the hill-embosomed stream, and turns its water from its purposes, giving it a new character and other uses. He puts his foot upon the ground, and suspends the organic influences of the earth; vegetation ceases from the instant, and every plant becomes dead. He looks upon the trees, and their vitality shrinks from his gaze, and seeks refuge in the buried roots. He meets the weary and benighted trav-

eler upon the dubious road, and with a heart as dead as the destruction he scatters about, smites him to the ground, and lulling every sense of feeling, he places his fingers upon the pulsation, and stops the current of the blood. He binds his brow with a wreath of icicles, tinged with the hues of the rainbow, and wraps his cloak of furs from the northern bear, around his meagre and weather-beaten form, and then throwing himself into his chariot, he gives full rein to his ice-shod steeds, and shoots along like a meteor, only turning from his course to annihilate some weak and lonely vestige of beauty or of life. Or girding upon his feet, bound with thongs of iron, a pair of skates of glistening steel, whose spiral fronts almost rest upon his ankles, he skims over the frozen surface of the water, swifter than the herald of his own approach, or opposing that, he divides the resistless current, and grasping it in his hands, scatters it scornfully around.

The fire burns upon the hearth, and clustering thickly around, are the weather-bound votaries of the summersports. The velvet lawn no more glitters in the sun, inviting to repose or to meditation. The flowers are no longer in their bloom, and their withered remains cannot reflect a particle of that beauty and sweetness which administered a pleasure to every sense, and awakened the adoration of the mind and the worship of the heart. There is no adumbration of the past in the present for the memory to dwell upon, and no real pleasure in the recollection, except what it still gives us to hope and to anticipate in our dreams. The heart is compelled to turn to other scenes, and to employ the other faculties of its nature, to find new pleasure. And we must take what learning or reflection supplies, or what affection and domestic peace bestow; a reciprocity of sympathy and a similarity of feeling, give and receive mutual benefit, and bless. The mind takes the character of the season, in aspect if not in action, because it is a piece of His creation, and is alike affected by His laws. As the tankard foams upon the table, and the apple mellow upon the stove—as the nut, yielding to the hammer, displays its curious mechanism, and surrenders its edible substance—the grave looks and graver conversation of the old—the smile of contentment and inactive happiness of the young, recall the heart from its giddy wanderings and overgilded thoughts—to contemplate its change and recount its deeds—and it stops in the midst of its enjoyments to wonder how it can be so gratified with itself, when those scenes which seemed so necessary to its pleasure, glisten no longer in the eye.

R. D.

TRAVELS IN BURMAH.

MR. MALCOLM states in his book of travels, that the standard of female beauty, as it regards complexion, seems to be a delicate yellow, which is the natural hue of the race, till deepened by long exposure to the sun. A delicate yellow powder is used, by ladies chiefly, to give the face the favorite tint, and also to impart to it a fragrant odor. This last point is of more importance among the Burmans than any where else, as they have a curious mode of kissing. Instead of a slight touch of the lips, as with us, they apply

the mouth and nose closely to the person's cheek, and draw in the breath strongly, as if smelling a delightful perfume. Hence, instead of saying "Give me a kiss," they say "Give me a smell." There is no word in the language which translates the word "kiss." This people have a custom of giving an indelible black tinge to their teeth, by means of lamp black and oil applied with a hot iron. When asked the reason of this fashion, they gave uniformly for answer, "What! should we have white teeth like a dog or a monkey?" Where the teeth are not blackened in this manner, they are usually tinted red in consequence of another custom nearly universal among them, of chewing a mixture called *coon* which is composed of a kind of nut, with tobacco and other ingredients, smeared over with a little tempered quick-lime. This colors the whole mouth a deep red. Smoking tobacco is still more prevalent among both sexes, and is commenced by children almost as soon as they are weaned. I have seen little creatures of two or three years, stark naked, tottering about with a lighted cigar in their mouth. It is not uncommon for them to become smokers, even before they are weaned, the mother often taking the cheroot from her mouth and putting it into that of the infant! The cheroot is seldom wholly made of tobacco. The wrapper is the leaf of the then-nat tree; fragrant wood rasped fine, the dried root of the tobacco, and some of the proper leaf, make the contents.

HOW TO GET RID OF A BORE.

An evening or two since an elderly gentleman was surveying a newspaper at one of our hotels through the medium of a pair of gold spectacles. No one was in the room but himself and the bar-keeper, who was standing, half asleep, behind the counter, and a profound silence reigned, only interrupted by the slight ticking of the mantel clock.

Directly the door opened, and in popped one of our city exquisites, whose tightly strapped pantaloons and cockney deportment gave him very much the air and appearance of a Paul Pry. "How do, old gentleman? Hot evening this, 'pon honor," said he, addressing the gentleman with gold specs, who appeared entirely absorbed in the paper before him, and did not deign to make an answer to the inquiry. "Unmannerly chap!" muttered our exquisite, drawing a chair alongside of the old gentleman, and surveying him from head to foot. His curiosity at what could so intently attract the attention of the "unmannerly chap" in the newspaper, became, however, soon excited, and he pushed and worked his chair with much precision and perseverance, inch by inch, until it came in contact with that of the reader. He then stuck his head over the shoulder of the old gentleman and commenced reading, paragraph after paragraph, half aloud. The spectacled man continued in his position some time apparently unconscious of the proximity of the dandy. Presently he pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket, seized the dandy by the nose and gave it a squeeze with such force, that even had it been of iron, he certainly would have left the imprint of his fingers upon it. "Oh! oh!" shouted the exquisite, jumping and kicking like a mad bull. "I beg your pardon,

indeed, sir; it was quite unintentional on my part," interposed the old gentleman, after relaxing his hold—"but, sir I thought your nose was mine, you sat so close to me, I couldn't for the life of me distinguish them. Here the matter rested, and our Chestnutstreet exquisite went off bearing a memorandum on his proboscis which will undoubtedly teach him to refrain from such improper and unmannerly conduct hereafter.—*Philadelphia paper.*

THE HERMIT.

A FABLE.

A pious hermit, who lived in the solitude of the forest, far from the noise of men, was once wandering through the woods in search of a few wild fruits and berries to make up his frugal meal. He heard a moaning in the grass, and looking down saw a fox, both of whose fore legs were broken, writhing like a snake on the ground and apparently starving. The good hermit was about to seek some food for the helpless creature, when an eagle appeared soaring high over head, and let fall a fowl from his talons directly at the feet of the fox. The starving animal seized greedily on the prize, and soon made a hearty meal on it. "Ah," exclaimed the pious enthusiast, "this is the finger of God! Why did I distrust his providential care? He who brought food to the mouth of this helpless animal, will surely never forge this servant.—Henceforth I will take no more thought of my body's sustenance, but trust in his goodness, and devote all my time to meditation." True to his resolution he returned to his cell, and neither plucked the fruits that hung on the trees around, nor went down to the brook to quench his thirst. Three whole days he lived thus, and wasting away to a shadow, in the vain hope of a direct interference of Heaven. On the evening of the third day, just as he sunk into slumber, thunder rolled through the cave, he saw a form of angelic beauty, and heard a sweet but solemn voice that spoke thus: "Mortal, how feeble is thy understanding! Could'st thou thus misinterpret the lesson contained in the eagle's conduct? Thou art not lame and helpless as the fox, but art strong and active like the eagle that gave him food. Him thou wert to imitate in going about and doing good to others; for know that idleness, even if accompanied with constant prayer, is odious in the sight of the Almighty."—*New-York Mirror.*

A MISAPPREHENSION.

We recollect once being very much amused at the relation of the following anecdote, from the lips of a very amiable, and withal a very modest widow lady in New Jersey. Soon after her husband paid the debt of nature, leaving her his sole legatee, a claim was brought against the estate by his brother, and process was served upon her by the sheriff of the county, who happened to be a widower, of middle age. Being unused, at that time, to the forms of law—though in the protracted lawsuit which followed, she had ample opportunity of acquiring experience—she was much alarmed, and meeting, just after the departure of the sheriff, with a female friend, she exclaimed, with much agitation, "What do you think? Sheriff Perinc has been after me!" "Well,"

said the considerate lady, with perfect coolness, "he is a very fine man." "But he says he has an attachment for me," replies the widow. "Well, I have long suspected he was attached to you, my dear." "But you don't understand—he says I must go to court." "Oh that's quite another affair, my child: don't you go so far as that: it is his place to come to court you!"

GIPSY WIT.

A short time since, two young ladies near Camberwell were accosted by a gipsy woman who told them, that for a shilling each she would show them their husbands' faces in a pail of water which being brought, they exclaimed, "We only see our faces!"—"Well," said the old woman, "those faces will be your husbands' when you are married."

A FAIR BARGAIN.—A Norman priest, many of whose parishioners had not made the most honorable exit of this world, insisted, when he was baptizing one of their children, to be paid the nuptial and burial fees, as well as those of baptism; and when the parents asked the reason of this extraordinary demand, he replied, "Because I know, as soon as he is grown up, he will cheat me of my dues, by going to Paris to be hanged."

LIFE consists not of a series of illustrious actions; the greater part of our time passes in compliance with necessities—in the performance of daily duties—in the removal of small inconveniences—in the procurement of petty pleasures, and we are well or ill at ease, as the main stream of life glides smoothly, or is ruffled by small and frequent interruptions.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

J. H. E. Poughkeepsie, N. Y. \$2.00; P. C. West Sand Lake, N. Y. \$1.00; C. W. S. Hoffman's Ferry, N. Y. \$2.00; H. E. D. Manchester, Vt. \$1.00; E. C. E. South Corinth, N. Y. \$1.00; I. V. D. B. Sumpterville, S. C. \$1.00; M. J. M. Athens, N. Y. \$1.00; M. P. Alma, Me. \$1.00; C. L. W. Furnace Village, Ct. \$1.00; E. C. Manlius Center, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Victor, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Morrisville, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. Carmi, Ill. \$3.00; W. J. G. Cuddebackville, N. Y. \$3.00; P. M. Falls Village, Ct. \$2.00; S. S. Bainbridge, N. Y. \$1.00; L. F. Townsend Harbor, Ms. \$1.00.

Married,

In this city, on the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Pardee, Mr. Walton Cable to Miss Susan Bullock, all of this city.

At Gallatin, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Vedder, Mr. Robert Esselstyne, of Claverack, to Miss Catharine, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Vedder, of the former place.

At Spencertown, on the 25th of December, 1839, by the Rev. L. H. Van Dyck, Mr. William Dickerman, of New Haven, to Miss C. E. Mayhew, of the former place.

Died,

In this city, on the 14th inst. Mr. Frederick Bunker, in his 64th year.

On Thursday the 20th inst. Col. Henry Van Vleck, in the 59th year of his age.

In Columbiaville, on the 7th inst. Widow Ellen Billsborough, aged 59 years.

Her example is worthy of imitation, nor ought she to pass unnoticed to the grave. She was a devout member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 31 years. During a lingering sickness of many months, even to the last hour, she never doubted the efficacy of that religion which for years she had openly and consistently professed. She has left her children and friends the pleasing evidences that her departed spirit is now in Heaven, at the right hand of Him that liveth and reigneth for ever and ever.

Also, on the 11th inst. Mr. John Riding, son in law of the above Widow, who under long and severe affliction had so ordered his house, that he was prepared to depart and be with Christ. He has left a widow and 7 children to mourn the loss of a kind and affectionate parent.

J. S.



SELECT POETRY.

THE BURIED INFANT.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

'THERE'S mourning where the cradle stood,
Beside the quiet hearth;
The mother's cheek hath lost its blood,
Her carolled song its mirth.
The boy upon its nurse's knee,
Uplifts a wistful eye,
And for his baby sister dear
Asks with a wondering cry.
Say, where is she, whose infant wile
The admiring circle cheered?
Alike by tear, and moan, and smile,
Of helplessness endeared?
Ah! where is she?—The place you know
With tufted mound o'er spread;
Down to that silent church-yard go,
And ask the mouldering dead.
Yet question not His high decree,
Who life's young fountain chills,
Ere sin can drag its current free,
With pains, and cares, and ills.
Who to the casket of the skies
Remands the unblotted scroll—
And numbers with cherubic bands
Another spotless soul.

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

BY PROF. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

I HAVE read in some old, wondrous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
Besieged the walls of Prague.
Beside the Moldaw's rushing stream,
With the wan moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.
White as a sea-fog, land-ward bound,
The spectral camp was seen,
And with a sorrowful, deep sound,
The river flowed between.
No other voice or sound was there,
No drum or sentry's pace;
The mist-like banners clasped the air,
As clouds with clouds embrace.
But when the old cathedral bell
Proclaimed the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmed air.
Down the broad valley, fast and far,
The troubled army fled,
Up rose the glorious morning star,
The ghastly host was dead!
I have read in the wondrous heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms, vast and wan,
Beleaguer the human soul.
Encamped beside life's rushing stream,
In fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night.
Upon its midnight battle-ground
The spectral camp is seen,

And with a sorrowful, deep sound,
Flows the river of life between.
No other voice or sound is there,
In the army of the grave—
No other challenge breaks the air,
But the rushing of Life's wave.

But when the solemn and deep church bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell—
The shadows sweep away.
Down the broad vale of tears afar,
The spectral camp has fled;
Faith shineth as a morning star—
Our ghastly fears are dead.

THE HOME BEYOND THE SKY.

BY CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

THERE is a home—a bright, pure home,
A home beyond the sky,
Where living waters gladly gush
Forever to the eye.
A spot where angels congregate,
A path by angels trod,
A promised land, where those shall meet
Who love and worship God.
'Tis placed above the burning stars,
The far spread fields of heaven,
Oh! what a glorious heritage
To the pure hearted given.
The sick heart turneth from the earth;
The yearning eager soul,
Stretches afar in anxious thought
To the eternal goal.
Yes—like a weary bark it comes,
The plaything of the wave,
Trusting its hopes to that one arm,
That but alone can save.
There is a home—a bright, pure home,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Where the worn weary rest in peace,
The home beyond the sky.

From the Knickerbocker.

"TIME STILL MOVES ON."

TIME still moves on, with noiseless pace,
And we are loiterers by the way;
Few win and many lose the race,
For which they struggle, day by day.
And even when the goal is gained,
How seldom worth the toil it seems!
How lightly valued, when obtained,
The prize that flattering Hope esteems!
Submissive to the winds of chance,
We toss on Life's inconstant sea:
This billow may our bark advance,
And that may leave it on the lee:
This coast, which rises fair in view,
May thick be set with rocky mail,
And that, which beetles o'er the blue,
Be safest for the shattered sail.
The cloud that, like a little hand,
Slow lingers when the morning shines,
Expands its volume o'er the land,
Dark as a forest-sea of pines;
While that which casts a vapory screen
Before the azure realm of day,
Rolls upward from the lowland scene,
And from the mountain tops away.
Oh, fond deceit! to think the flight
Of time will lead to pleasures strange,
And ever bring some new delight,
To minds that strive and sigh for change.

Within ourselves the secret lies,
Let seasons vary as they will,
Our hearts would murmur, tho' our skies
Were bright as those of Eden still!

PARK BENJAMIN.

THE Democratic Review some time since, alluded to George D. Prentice, as entitled to the front rank among American poets. The reviewer instanced some lines, written at the age of 14, as particularly remarkable, and breathing the very soul of sorrow. They will be found below, and are indeed beautiful. We are indebted for them to the Louisville Literary News Letter.

WRITTEN AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

The trembling dew drops fall
Upon the shutting flowers—like souls at rest
The stars shine gloriously—and all,
Save me, is blest.
Mother I love thy grave!—
The violet, with its bosom blue and mild,
Waves o'er thy head—when shall it wave
Above thy child?
'Tis a sweet flower—yet must
Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow—
Dear mother—'tis thine emblem—dust
Is on thy brow!—
And I could love to die—
To leave untasted life's dark, bitter streams,—
By thee, as erst in childhood, lie,
And share thy dreams.
And must I linger here
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,
And mourn the hopes to childhood dear
With bitter tears!
Ay—I must linger here,
A lonely branch upon a blasted tree,
Whose last frail leaf, untimely sere,
Went down with thee!
Oft from life's withered bower,
In still communion with the past I turn,
And muse on thee, the only flower
In memory's urn.
And, when the Evening pale
Bows like a mourner on the dim blue wave,
I stray to hear the night-winds wail
Around thy grave.
Where is thy spirit flown!—
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there—
I listen—and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.
Oh come—whilst here I press
My brow upon thy grave—and, in those mild
And thrilling tones of tenderness,
Bless, bless thy child!
Yes, bless thy weeping child,
And o'er thy urn—religion's holiest shrine—
Oh give his spirit undefiled
To blend with thine.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y. BY
WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

It is printed in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume.

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